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# The Rochester Lass

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# The Rochester Lads.

## A NEW SONG.

Howard and Evans, Printers, 42, Long Lane.

**I**N Rochester city a young damsel did dwell,  
For wit and for beauty none could her excel,  
Admir'd she was, and had many a suitor,  
But one youth above all, and he lov'd her well;  
This charming young lad, he was a brisk sailor,  
Long time he had been plowing the watery main,  
The enemy insulted the British flag royal,  
He was summon'd to go to meet them again.

This jolly young sailor, as true is reported,  
Had been but a very few weeks on the shore,  
But as he and his true love together were walking  
He by a large press-gang from her was tore;  
They cry'd, we perceive you are a young sailor  
That is fit for to fight for your country and king,  
And as we want sailors you must plow the ocean,  
No excuse we'll have, you must face the bold re-  
bels once over again.

It was early one morning as day it was dawning,  
This blooming young fair one a letter received  
Twas to inform her the ship had weigh'd anchor,  
With grief and vexation this fair one was grieved  
She cry'd, O the waves they do prove so cruel,  
They have robbed me of him I esteem'd so dear,  
My mind is tortur'd with grief and vexation,  
While from her bright eyes there fell many a tear.

It was wrote in these words, my love don't be surpris'd  
Once more I'm compell'd to plow the rough sea  
But, nevertheless, my dear girl don't be griev'd,  
To you and you only true and constant I'll be;  
Tho' many a fair one I shall see, there's no doubt on't,  
When our ship is in port or in harbour she lays,  
No one shall induce me to think of another,  
While I am away, mind I hope in return you will  
do So by.

So adieu, my dear Sally, till next time I see you,  
Our ship's bound to India all with a fresh gale,  
Quite early to-morrow the day is appointed,  
All hands must prepare for to go and not fail,  
Heavens protect you until the next meeting,  
Which I hope will be soon that the wars may be o'er